

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

GONE.

In a sweet green mountain valley, where the
shady willows weep,
Two new made graves have found a place,
where friends and kindred sleep.
They tell of sorrow laden hearts, away in a dis-
tant home,
Of the shadow on a hearthstone, of hopes and
lovelight flown.
First went she, our darling, our cherished house-
hold pet,
Who left a gloom and darkness, that lingers
round us yet.
With the sweet and fragile flowers, in her waxen
fingers pressed,
Mid the gladness of the sunshine, we laid her to
her rest.
No skill, or care, or boundless love, could this
bright flower save,
And her noble heart and winsome grace lie in
that early grave.
Daisies her childish feet once trod, their vigils
o'er her keep,
And the evening breezes, with murmuring hush,
bright dewdrops o'er her weep,
"I hope to die in spring time, when the roses are
in bloom."
Her wish was granted, for round her bed they
shed their sweet perfume.
"My Jesus is with me, I'm not afraid," these
words her white hands traced,
And grief from many stricken hearts this com-
fort can never efface.
The strong man swayed before the blast like a
strawy forest tree,
Then suddenly the summons came, that genial
scholar rare, where cultured mind, was never
given rest,
Till the stainless snows of his own loved State
lay drifting on his breast,
His love of God was shown to man, by golden
rule so true,
"To do to others as you would that others do
to you."
A nobler heart, a generous hand, no other did to
friend respond;
O! then, what joyful unions there, away in the
"home beyond."
Daughter dear, and husband true, what can of
earth atone
For a fate that thus bereaves of you, and leaves
me here alone?
My ears are ever listening for the sound of com-
ing feet,
And my heart is filled with echoes, of voices
dear and sweet,
I have given to "Reaper my flowerets gay,"
and my sheaf "of ripened grain."
"This little more life holds for me, of sorrow, fear
or pain."
"Death hath no terrors" for me now, he can not
win a sigh,
For, "tis not all of life to live, nor all of death
to die."
Life's trust for us will soon be o'er, all pain and
sorrow fleeing;
Tis not "good bye," for then we'll clasp those
beckoning hands in greeting,
"Weep not," said one, who in his heart, did all
our sorrows bear,
And, with his blood, atoned for us the sins he
did not share.
O! mortals, who only strive, and for earthly
honors seek,
We have no stronger hold on life, than the
beetle beneath our feet.
A glorious hope, and promise sure, is given our
life to bless,
With faith and love, "Come unto me, and I
will give ye rest."
Mrs. R. McK. O.
MR. VERNON, N. Y.

STORY TELLER.

The Bitter With the Sweet.

"I do wish somebody would leave us a legacy," said Lena, "or I could draw something in a lottery."
"I'm sure you drew a cigar case at the church fair," interpolated Anita.
"I wish I could find a pot of gold buried in the cellar," persisted Lena.
"I'm about tired of doing without it."
"I don't think riches are half so interesting as poverty after all," said Anita.
"We get a great deal more excitement out of life than Mrs. Grundy for instance."
"It's a kind of excitement I could exist without. Poverty is a trial. You can't do yourself justice if you are a victim. It keeps friends and lovers and pleasures at arm's length. You might have done execution with your voice if we had had money to cultivate it. My feeble taste for art might have grown into genius, and Patty's beauty might have made her fortune in society. One can't have society, you know, when one is too poor to entertain or dress, and has no recommendation but a longing for the far-off unattainable and dim."
"My dear," said Mrs. Morris, who was lying down with one of her headaches, "you are losing time while you berate fortune, and time is money."
"But not legal tender," rejoined Lena, turning to her sewing machine.
Patty said nothing. Perhaps she was thinking her own thoughts, as she sat with the German grammar open before her. She was daily governess in the family of the Hon. Caleb Grundy, M. C. Dr. John Morris, her father, had died some years before, leaving an income which could hardly be called a "genteel sufficiency." He had left something else besides. There were ledgers in the attic full of unrecipited and outland accounts, although some of the debtors and heirs drove in their carriages to-day.
"I wish we had been born bakers," said Lena, as the kneader's coupe rolled by.
"Or could invent a patent medicine for the healing of the nations," suggested Anita.
Mrs. Morris laughed. "Do you

think that would answer for a patent of nobility? Do you think Mrs. Grundy would ask you to her musicale, though you sang like a dying swan, if you figured as an inventor of balsams or bitters?"
"Old Mrs. Grundy had a bad attack of her gastric trouble," said Patty, waking up, "and she has a new remedy which can raise the dead, she thinks—Dr. Jay's bitters. Did you ever try them mamma?"
"I've seen the advertisement," said Mrs. Morris. And just then Rob Marquand knocked and announced that he had come to tea, exhibiting a score of little birds all ready for the gridiron.
"See what a mighty hunter you have among you. Patty and I will boil them for tea—a dish fit for the gods."
It seemed to Rob as if Patty belonged to him as much as his own soul. To be sure he never made pretty speeches to her, but he thought she knew that he meant them. He expected to marry Patty some day but just now he was too poor, so said nothing about it. He was studying architecture, and his uncle had agreed to give him ten thousand dollars when he should build his first house. That was one of his castles in the air. It would be time enough to speak to Patty when the house was built.
"Headache again, Mamma Morris?" said he. "Try Dr. Jay's bitters. Children cry for them. Aunt Marcia's got a bottle—bitter as"—pausing for a synonym.
"As poverty," said Patty.
"Yes, bitter as poverty. I've tasted both. They are a tonic to the nerves, they defy death and keep old age at a respectful distance."
"They must be the Elixir of Youth," said Anita. "Where do you get them?"
"At Mortar & Pestle's." And then Lena lighted the double burner and Rob produced his pencils and paper and began making a plan of the "Marquand Mansion," to be erected when his ship came in, asking Patty's advice about this and that, about closets and pantry, the boudoir, their two heads bent together over the task.
"We'll throw out a bay-window here," he said; "won't we Patty? And we will have a veranda for moonlight nights and a balcony 'for whispering lovers made.' And as long as the materials are so cheap I think we'll add on a conservatory, eh, Patty? so you may always wear a rose in your hair; and a studio for Lena at the top of the house," till they were all offering suggestions, and the "Manor" looked as if it had broken out with an eruption of fantastic gables, windows and swings, and had become an anachronism in architecture, where the style of one era jostled that of another.
But it was not Rob who strolled into the school-room up at the Hon. Mr. Grundy's when the bell rang for recess; who, under one pretext or another, beguiled Patty to linger after hours, till the dusk shut them in alone with the stars, while he walked home-ward with her repeating some incidents of his travels, reciting some passionate sonnet of his own. It was not Rob who left a rose on her desk one morning with a love verse; when the sentiment is pretty and personal, and one does not blame the poet because he is not a Milton—one is too apt to think he is.
Rob had never attempted a rhyme in his life. If Mrs. Grundy, junior, had not been summing at the Swiss lakes, no doubt she would have devised a way to end the love making of her nephew but there was nobody to interfere. Old Madame Grundy was too deaf and purblind to remember such things as youth and love existed. That Paul Spencer, with his poetic inspirations, his fathomless eyes, his worldly lore, his experience and popularity, should sue for a poverty-stricken governess, should hang upon her will and court her presence, captivated Patty's imagination and touched her heart. They would sit over the embers of the school-room fire, while he bewitched her with stories from the operas and sang their most love-lorn airs in his fine tenor till the tears stood in Patty's pretty eyes, or he would bring his violin at odd moments and improvise some tender melody to be dedicated to her, suggested by thoughts of her, till she began to believe him an unappreciated Mozart. Perhaps the fact that Paul Spencer's wife would possess and enjoy everything from which Patty Morris had been cut off, may have lent her hero a halo, may have made his eloquence more eloquent, his

tongue more persuasive. But if it was so, Patty was unconscious of it; there was nothing mercenary in her nature; she was only human, although Robert thought her divine. She had a conviction that if Paul had been born a plowboy he would have found his place on Parnassus; that though he should waken one day to find her nature too narrow and incomplete for his companionship, she should not blame him over-much, nor unlove him, but carry the remembrance of her happiness shut in her heart, like a faded rose pressed in a book of poems. It is perhaps well that we begin life with an over supply of sentiment; we should otherwise have so little left at the journey's end. Very likely Patty had never thought of Rob as a lover at all; he was the friend of the family, a schoolmate, about whom there were no reverses or mysteries; perhaps he even seemed commonplace and unfinished beside Mr. Spencer with his invulnerable self-possession, his acquaintance with the world. In the meantime things had begun to brighten a little in the Morris family; Mrs. Morris had the house painted and the blinds renewed; there was a new carpet in the drawing-room, and the girls had new suits and hats, not home-made; not all at once, but by almost imperceptible degrees, the shabby Morris mansion had begun to blossom into elegance and the shabby toilets to follow suit. Anita had a new piano in exchange for the old one and a singing master.
"Mamma," said the wise Lena, "are we living on our principal, or where do we get so much money?"
"I have realized on something your father left," answered her mother.
Patty's engagement was confided to no one outside the family except Rob. The fact was Mr. Spencer was not quite prepared to acknowledge it to his friends; his mother, who had views of her own for him, might have something disagreeable to say, and although he proposed to have his own way he naturally hated a scene; and believed that affairs would finally adjust themselves without his interference; in the meantime he was enjoying himself. It did not strike Mrs. Morris strangely that the affair should be kept private for a while, till Mrs. Grundy should return from the Swiss lakes, and Mr. Grundy take a holiday, occupied as she was with her own concerns. That any one should object to her Patty would seem preposterous. In her opinion a doctor's family ranked with the first in the land, and it did not occur to her that any one could think differently; to be a member of the faculty was to belong to the aristocracy. As things began to brighten in the Morris family the girls began to be invited out more and more; it was found that Anita had a fine drawing-room voice and obliging disposition, that Lena could talk art with the aesthetes, and that the young men flocked to the soirees which Patty attended. Moreover, it was known through Mr. Bert, a broker, that Mrs. Morris had invested in United States bonds.
"I thought that the doctor left them as poor as a church-mouse," he said to his wife.
"So he did; but she has realized on something, I hear. I can't think what; maybe he had Alabama claims, or perhaps some stock they held may have risen."
"Their stock has gone up with a vengeance," said Mr. Bert.
"Yes, it is the Morrises here and the Morrises there; one never used to hear of them till the other day. Did you get the bitters I begged you to remember?"
"Couldn't recall the name to save my soul."
"They are not warranted to save the soul, but the body. Old Mrs. Bruce says they've prolonged her days, and would cure my neuralgia. But of course that does not signify."
The following evening Mr. Bert and Mrs. Morris met in the horse-car.
"My wife asked me to get some body's bitters for her, and I've lost the name again," said he; "perhaps you could help me, Mrs. Morris."
"Their name is legion," said she.
"Doctor, Doctor—what in the deuce is his name?"
"Dr. Hood?" suggested Mrs. Morris.
"No; I wonder if it's recommended for failing memory? Don't you ever indulge in a bitter?"
"I take the bitter with the sweet sometimes."
"Ah, very good, very good; Doctor Doctor!"
"Dr. Jay's?"
"Exactly; a thousand thanks. I

haven't any faith in these quack things myself, but Lizzie likes to try everything; it gives her something to think about. By the way, I hear it originated in this place, and there's been money made on it. Just get up a patent medicine, I tell Lizzie, and you may drive your four-in-hand; but she doesn't fancy that sort of distinction, don't you know?"
"Perhaps it's better than extinction," laughed Mrs. Morris.
"Yes, yes; here's Mortar & Pestle's; I'll step in before I forget it."
And so it began to be whispered about that Dr. Jay's bitters were home-brewed; the subject was touched upon at society meetings, in morning calls, on the church porch, and even in the gentlemen's debating club. Mrs. Bert begged Mrs. Grew not to say that it came from her, and that lady retailed it to her next neighbor with the same precaution. Many of those who had used the bitters were provoked to find that they had been fostering home-talent, and began to question if they had received any benefit from them at all; others stoutly refused to believe that Bradford had been capable of evolving such a tonic from its inner consciousness; but these were the class of people who would doubt that the electric light illuminated, if it had originated in their neighborhood.
"And you mean to say that a woman started and owns the bitters?" questioned Mrs. Bruce, one of its warmest adherents.
"Well, I did think it helped me about rheumatism, but it must have been the medicated flannel."
Having unraveled two-thirds of the enigma, the good people of Bradford bent their intellects to solving the whole.
"Dr. Jay's bitters were a happy thought," the clerk at Mortar & Pestle's was saying to Rob Marquand, as young Spencers dropped in for a glass of soda.
"They say Mrs. Morris has made her fortune out of them."
"Who says so?" asked Rob.
"Haven't you heard? She's been mighty sly, and small blame to her! Nobody wanted to be pointed out as the woman who makes your bitters. Dr. Morris, it seems, left a recipe which he used to make up for his patients when there wasn't much ailed them, and after he died and they didn't know which way to turn, Mrs. Morris, she put it into the hands of a manufacturer on the halves. But it isn't everybody, you know, who would feel proud to shoulder a patent medicine upon the public; it isn't aristocratic. You wouldn't want a bunch of herbs for your crest. You wouldn't want to marry into the family."
"I don't know about that," said Rob; but I don't think any one expects you to do it."
Mr. Spencer was on his way to visit Patty, but he turned about in order to reflect. He did not object to marry without money, and rather plumed himself upon the fact, since he had enough. But what the clerk at Mortar & Pestle's had said was quite true; one did not care to marry into a family made famous by Dr. Jay's bitters. And therefore the perfumed note which Patty received the next week read:
"MY DEAR PATTY:—I promised my mother once, in the days when I believed no woman would ever touch my heart, that I would never marry without her consent. Having told her of our engagement she refuses to sanction it; and I, cruelly staid, leave it to you to say if I shall keep my vow to her or follow my own sweet will? Always your lover,
PAUL SPENCER."
"The bitters haven't agreed with him," said Lena, when Patty broke the news.
"Oh, yes," said Anita, "they have cured him."
Of course there was but one reply possible, and Patty sent it. "He never could have loved me," she sighed mournfully, "or the patent medicine could have made no difference."
"He never could love you as Rob loves you," Lena ventured.
"Rob!"
"Yes, Rob. The bitters make no difference with him."
"I never thought of it. But I shall never marry now." And Patty thought she was quite sincere. But perhaps there is nothing more soothing to the lacerated feelings of a jilted woman than the existence of another lover in the background.
It was a year and a half later when Rob brought Patty a foreign letter from the evening mail. He had

started on an errand of his own, and waited with a beating heart while she read the pages, fearing that he had come on a fool's errand after all.
"Many waters cannot quench love," wrote Mr. Spencer, "and although I put the Atlantic between us in obedience to my mother's will, I have never ceased to regret. Nothing shall ever come between us again, mien liebling; the happiness of a lifetime is not to be weighed in the balance with a stupid, unconsidered promise. I shall leave for America in the next steamer, and the future shall make amends for the weary months of suffering and heartbreak. I thought I could live without you. I was mistaken."
"Oh," cried Patty, in distress, he will be here, directly." She had risen and turned pale. Did she love him still? "He takes everything for granted; how can I tell him I am not his liebling!"
"Tell him," said Rob—"tell him that you belong to me, Patty."
"But, Rob, you have never—"
"No, I have waited for this. See, I have built my house; it is no longer a castle in the air," and he unfolded his uncle's promised check. "Will you write Mr. Spencer that you belong to me, Patty?"
"Yes," laughed Patty, blushing beneath his kiss; "I will tell him that you have had courage to take the bitter with the sweet."
"After all," said Lena, "our money came very near wrecking Polly's happiness."—Our Continent.

The Bushmen.

The Bushman has no country in the proper sense of the word, i.e., a fixed habitation, but roams through nearly the whole of the southern portion of the African continent, giving decided preference to the desert parts. The Bushmen is very small. He stands only four feet six inches upon his naked soles—never more than four feet nine inches, and frequently as diminutive as four feet two inches. Under sixteen years he appears stout enough, but upon arriving at that age his stoutness all disappears, and he becomes as wretched a looking object as it is possible to conceive in human shape. It is rather difficult to get at his color, owing to his habit of using his skin as a towel, and rubbing off all the dirt and grease which accumulates on his hands, or his arms, sides or breasts, where it is allowed to remain year after year, for he never uses water voluntarily for washing purposes. Bushmen have been washed, however, and when the dirt and grease have been removed the skin was found to be of a yellowish hue, something like that of the Chinese. The Bushman has no beard; when a few hairs appear on his face, he plucks them out. He has a low-bridged nose, with wide flattened nostrils; an eye that appears a mere slit between the eyelids; a pair of high cheek bones, and a receding forehead. His lips are not thick. He has fine teeth which do not decay as he grows old, but wear down to the gums.
Some of the Bushmen take great pride in their weapons and utensils, which they construct with admirable ingenuity, but in general the Bushman does not care for fancy weapons, preferring to make them more for use than show. The bow is merely a round stick, about three feet long, and slightly bent by means of its string of twisted sinews. The arrows are mere reeds, tipped with pieces of bone. These weapons would not be very deadly if it were not for the fact that the tips of the arrows are poisoned. In order to obtain this poison he makes use of vegetable and animal substances of various kinds. The poison is very deadly; even a scratch from the point of the arrow sometimes proves fatal. Besides shooting game, he has another means of obtaining food—the pit trap. A writer thus describes it, "The pit is not a large hollow—as it is usually asserted—but rather of dimensions proportioned to the size of the animal that is expected to fall into it. For game like the rhinoceros or eland antelope, it is dug of six feet in length and three in width at the top, gradually narrowing to the bottom where it ends in a trench of only twelve inches broad. Six or seven feet is considered deep enough; and the animal, once into it, gets so wedged at the narrow bottom part as to be unable to make use of its legs for the purpose of springing out again. Sometimes a sharp stake or two are used, with the view of impaling the victim; but this plan is not always adopted. There

is not much danger of a quadruped that drops in ever getting out again, till he is dragged out by the Bushman in the shape of a carcass. The Bushman's genius does not end here. Besides the construction of the trap, it is necessary the game should be guided into it. Were this not done, the pit might remain a long time empty, and, as a necessary consequence, so too might the belly of the Bushman. In the wide plain few of the gregarious animals have a path which they follow habitually; only when there is a pool may such beaten trails be found, and of these the Bushman also avails himself; but they are not enough. Some artificial means must be used to make the trap pay,—for they are not constructed without much labor and patience. The plan adopted by the Bushman to accomplish this exhibits some points of originality. He first chooses a part of the plain which lies between two mountains. No matter if they be distant from each other a mile, even two, it will not deter the Bushman from his design. By the help of his whole tribe—men, women and children—he constructs a fence from one mountain to the other. The material used is whatever may be most ready to the hand; stones, sods, brush or dead timber, if this be convenient. No matter how rude the fence; it need not either be very high. He leaves several gaps in it; and the wild animals, however easily they might leap over such a puny barrier, will, in their ordinary way, prefer to walk leisurely through the gaps. In each of these, however, there is a dangerous hole—dangerous from its depth as well as from the cunning way in which it is concealed from the view—in short, in each gap there is a pit-fall. No one—at least no animal except the elephant—would ever suspect its presence; the grass seems to grow over it, and the sand lies unturned, just as elsewhere upon the plain. The stupid eland tumbles through; the gemsbok goes under, and the rhinoceros rushes into it as if destined to destruction. The Bushman sees this from his elevated perch, glides forward over the ground, and spears the struggling victim with his poisoned assegai."
The dress of the Bushman is light and easy, consisting in the men of a patch of jackal skin tied around the waist; the women use a sort of fringe or bunch of leather thongs tied around the waist by a strap, and hanging down to the knees. Besides this, they sometimes use a small skin cloak. Sandals made of thick skin, cut a little longer and broader than the soles of the feet, and fastened at the toes and round the ankles by thongs, of sinews, protect the feet from the sharp stones. As for a dwelling, the Bushman is perfectly contented with a cave when he can get one. If he cannot find one, a bush is selected which grows near two or three others, and having fastened the branches together, covered them with grass, and dug a hole in the center under them, and the Bushman has a house which satisfies him. Sometimes, however, he makes a tent of mats—never a home or even a hut.
The Bushman considers every man, not a Bushman, as an enemy, and plunders and massacres him whenever he can. When the Bushman can capture a herd of cattle from the Dutch settlers, or, as they are called in Africa, Boers, he lives in clover until he has eaten them all.
It is dangerous work to steal cows, however, as the Dutch show no quarter to the Bushman when they overtake him, and even his poisoned arrows avail him little against their long guns. In times of scarcity, the Bushman eats anything he can get, ants, lizards, land tortoises, roots, etc. They have no religion whatever; no form of marriage; but they appear to have some respect for the memory of their dead, since they bury them, usually erecting a large pile of stones over the body. They have no form of government—not so much as a headman or chief.
The small communities in which they live, rarely numbering over a hundred individuals, are merely the accidental grouping of persons, and as they often quarrel, even this slender bond of association is often broken.
CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Health Hints.

When it is necessary to bring up a child on cows' or nurses' milk, it has been proved preferable to use the milk of a cow, unless the nurse is well fed and kept from doing hard work. Human milk is quickly im-

poverished by severe mental or physical labor.
If there is much food to be worked up, there must be a great flow of blood to supply the digesting fluid, the "gastric juice," as it is called. The blood is then drawn away from other parts of the body. After a heavy meal one feels dull, sluggish, because there is less general circulation of the blood. If violent or strong exertion of body or mind is made soon after eating, it draws the blood from the stomach, and digestion of the food is retarded.
It is a well known fact that tobacco deranges the digestion and poisons the nerve centers of a majority of the male members of the human family. A species of blindness, not complete but partial blindness, sufficiently great in extent to destroy the reading of ordinary type, results from the continued and excessive use of tobacco. Careful investigations have led to the discovery that that form of tobacco habit known as smoking produces the so-called amblyopia. This form of amblyopia is precisely identical in all respects with that produced from the excessive use of alcohol. Both are incurable.

Information.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Lawrence requests me, in your paper, to give the names of members of the National Executive Committee who met at Jacksonville last August, and also to state exactly what was said.
Little was said. The talk turned chiefly on the appointment of a local committee of arrangements in New York. No member seemed desirous of having the appointments made immediately. It will be done in due season.
The members present were E. Booth, Chairman, Iowa; R. H. Atwood, Arkansas; G. T. Dougherty, Missouri; S. J. Vail, Indiana; E. P. Holmes, Nebraska; Job Turner, Virginia; P. S. Englehardt, Wisconsin.
Of the above, Messrs. Atwood and Turner were not present at the meeting; the first, because he desired to attend a teachers' meeting in the evening, and the second because he failed to notice the announcement from the platform by President Gal-landet.
By general consent, and as heretofore stated, Frank Read was admitted in place of Selah Wait, deceased. This made eight present. For a quorum, twelve were needed.
E. BOOTH.
ANAMOSA, Ia., Oct. 16, '82.

ENDORING MR. ELWELL.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The letter of Mr. Jerome T. Elwell, of Philadelphia, criticizing some of the statements made by Miss Emma Garrett, in her "Plea for the Deaf-Mutes of America," strikes me as timely and effectual in disposing of her strongest arguments. A pamphlet bearing the above title or something to the same effect, was received at this school, and my astonishment can be better imagined than described at Miss Garrett's sweeping assertion that speech is possible to all the deaf, without regard to age or previous condition of hearing. Such a statement, without any qualifying phrase, coming from a teacher of only three years' experience, who, to judge from her plea and speeches to reporters, seems to talk more than her own pupils can or ever will, must have excited a smile on the lips of the veterans in the profession at the Conference of Teachers at Jacksonville, where the plea was said to have been originally delivered. Miss Garrett fortified herself with the arguments of the Professors of Articulation of the Old World, and with some examples of the wonderful successes achieved by that system; but she forgot that the other side is equally if not better fortified with experience and wonderful results, and could be manned at a moment's notice with such names as long experience and an intimate knowledge of the deaf as entitle to respect and confidence. But it is not what others think, but what we have ourselves witnessed and experienced that has the greatest weight in correcting an opinion. Wait until the pupils are through school. There will be time enough then to decide upon the relative merits of the two systems. A school is always judged by its graduates. The Pennsylvania Institution deserves great praise for the step it has taken to test the merits of both systems away from each other.
HARRY WHITE.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The new principal of the Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind is in search of information concerning the co-education of the blind and deaf-mutes. He wishes to know if deaf-mutes invariably are jealous and exhibit feelings of envy towards the blind pupils. If current report can be credited, there has always existed a feeling of indifference neglect between the blind and the deaf when at school together. Each thinks that the other is favored most, and as both are uneducated, like all children, they are somewhat selfish, and result is that a good deal of envious feeling is produced. Under the refining influence of education, this engendered antipathy will probably disappear. We believe that all who have had experience in the matter, are decidedly of the opinion that deaf-mutes and the blind should be educated in separate institutions. The editorial in the *Goodson Gazette* conveys the impression that the writer is very much disposed to take the part of the blind and condemn the mutes as the only source of trouble. It is quite natural that one new to the education of deaf-mutes should fail to perfectly understand them as clearly as the blind, who can make know their grievances through articulate speech. These two classes of unfortunates should be educated apart. If examples are required as to the wisdom of such a policy, we would point to the Michigan Institution which, about three years ago, inaugurated a similar reform.

We do not think there is much fairness in "Mr. Why's" rejoinder to the criticisms made on his article concerning "honorary degrees." There is evidently an effort to dodge the real issue in his letter printed in the present number. The way is open to all graduates of the National Deaf-Mute College to secure the degree of Master of Arts, if they want to avail themselves of it. If they apply for the honor, and show that they are worthy of it, we are assured they will get it. To us, it seems incredible that there should be any partisan feeling existing among the members of the Faculty. That any American should make a distinction between two or more of his countrymen, because they happen to live a few hundred miles apart, is evidently absurd. Surely the line is not drawn so clearly as that. Many years ago, the South and North were at strife on a matter of national importance, but, except on the subject of slavery, there was no disagreement whatever. The north and south, the east and the west, are peopled by Americans, and every true American can not but rejoice in the good fortune or the prosperity of any part of the country over which the stars and stripes wave. The States are united, and the people should be also. We do not want disaffection among the ranks of intelligent deaf-mutes. We do not approve of any insinuations that will be likely to engender bad feeling among the educated deaf-mutes of any section of this country against any other section. If there are grievances to be made known, state them, but do not make a wholesale wrong out of individual animosity.

An effort is being made to have an Institution for Colored Deaf-Mutes established in Texas. The laws of the State do not allow colored children to attend school along with whites. While there are many people in Texas who still shout "down with the nigger!" we believe there will be little opposition brought against a project so manifestly for the welfare of the Lone Star State.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

J. R. Goldman, of Middletown, O., will probably attend the New York Levee. His parents expect to move to Fargo, Dakota next year.

If the "Subscriber" means Josiah Mishler, he lives in Bradocks, Pa. He works at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works.

Geo. C. Saunders, of Gallitzin, Pa., is learning to be a barber. Charles McKenzie, of Portage, Pa., called on him about a month ago.

The St. Louis friends of Mr. D. W. George, send them their congratulations upon his promotion to a position at the Illinois School. Good luck to you, Web.

The father of Miss Bella McKim, of Madison, Ind., is building an astronomical observatory for his own pleasure and in the interests of science.

Alex. L. Pach has just returned from a trip to West Point, where he saw a deaf-mute named George Piano. He promises to present a memento of his visit to the *JOURNAL* office.

M. J. Smith wonders what has become of his classmate, Mr. Marble Benninger, of Susquehanna Co., Pa. Won't the latter write and let him know how he is making out? His address is No. 11 North Sixth St., St. Louis, Mo.

Leslie Hoopes has bought a house and lot at West Grove, Pa., and will take possession of it on the 1st of April next. He is a celebrated deaf-mute tailor, and reports that business is very brisk.

Some members of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Social Club would like to have Mr. Thomas Hogarth, the mute magician, participate in the club's coming pantomime exhibition. Where is he? When last heard of he was in Chicago, Ill.

A woman in Vermont who had been deaf for several years had her hearing instantly restored by being hit between the eyes with an egg. Young man, if your better-half is hard of hearing, never allow an egg or a chicken to come into the house.

The champion oarsman of the world, Edward Hanlan, will appear at the Deaf-Mute Fair, which is to be held in Boston, November 1st, and he will be in his boat at the same time when the fair opens, and those who never saw Hanlan in his boat, can see him at the Fair.

Pedestrian, who has dropped a penny in front of "a poor, blind man"—"Why, you hunchback, you're not blind." Beggar—"Not I, sir. If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."—*Boston Transcript*.

BELLEVUE MANSE, Oct. 20, 1882.
 EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I wish to correct in "Mr. Why's" letter. It was Mr. Valentine Holloway, who delivered the Valedictory Class '73 National Deaf-Mute College, not Mr. Carroll. Both are honored dead, and to each must be given due honor. ORSON ARCHBOLD.

Thomas Hippler, of West Lodi, O., is a plasterer, and makes \$2.50 a day. He boards at Schaff's hotel. He will go to Defiance, O., to visit his brother and friends soon. When Rev. Mr. Mann preaches at Norwalk, he and Miss E. E. Helig will attend. It is reported that he will be married to Miss E., a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institute.

Miss Jane Ann Romeyn, of Glenville, N. Y., has been having a pleasant summer. In August she attended parties at the residences of her two uncles Johnson Potter and Isaac Van Wormer. On the 8th of September she was present at the picnic at Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y., and on the 12th of the same month she attended another picnic at Glenville.

"Young American" is mistaken in saying Miss Mollie Garfield is attending school on Walnut St., Philadelphia. She has been for some time, and still is a pupil in Miss Mittleberger's private school, corner of Case Avenue and Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio. She usually spends Sundays at the home in Mentor. Last Saturday she invited a number of school mates to spend the Sabbath with her at home.

On Sunday, the 22d inst., the Rev. Job Turner was given the privilege of conducting his services in Reading, Pa., one at Trinity Chapel at half-past three o'clock p. m., and the other at St. Barnabas' Church at eight o'clock p. m., the deaf-mutes joining the speaking congregations in worshipping God, which they did well. He was allotted a home at Mr. John Botzmann's new house, which he built last summer, a few months after his marriage. On Monday, he left Reading, Pa., with the expectation of joining Dr. Gallaudet in Richmond, Va. Saturday, October 28th, to hold services in that city, Manchester, Va., Lexington, Va., Concord, Va., and probably Lynchburg, Va.

Mutes In Council.
 Chicago News, Oct. 19.
 A mute sociable was held last evening in the literary-room of Fawcett building, which was attended by about forty young people of both sexes who are derived of the power of speech. The meeting was called to order in sign language by Mr. Lars Larson, a young Scandinavian, who appears to possess a good deal of executive ability. Mr. E. D. Hunter was elected temporary chairman, and Mr. Larson proceeded to address the company upon the importance of forming an organization. His address was watched with close attention, and whenever a good point was made, there followed applause and frequent laughter. A committee was appointed to wait upon the officers of the Y. M. C. A., and ascertain if they could secure the room to meet in once or twice a month. Mr. Larson was elected lecturer, and will prepare essays for the club on the tariff, woman suffrage, temperance, and historical and political subjects. Another meeting will soon be called to perfect the organization. After the meeting an hour was spent in social conversation, in which fingers were employed instead of tongues, and eyes were used instead of ears. It is really wonderful how rapidly they are able to communicate ideas by this means. So rapidly do their fingers fly that it would seem impossible to follow them with the eye. When seated the audience had much the appearance of a class in college, though in addition they had a look of intense earnestness not often seen in the average class of students.

DIED.

COLLEGEWORTH.—At Philadelphia, on Monday, October 16th, Eleie, infant daughter of W. R. and Ella Cullingworth, aged three months and four days.

Mrs. Leo Rio Wheatley, of Du Quoin, Ill., is visiting friends in Louisville, Ky., this month.

Mr. Leo Rio Wheatley is working at Du Quoin as a blacksmith. He is a good christian man.

There are two deaf-mute composers in the office of the Mendou, Mich., *Globe*.

Miss Laura L. Leiby, of Wrightsville, Pa., is working as a tobacco stripper for Mr. Detweiler.

M. J. Bedford is going to be married to Miss Fahy next December. Both live in Pittsfield, Mass.

A deaf-mute, of Millersburg, Pa., is learning the tailoring business at J. C. Martz's, in Harrisburg, Pa.

The Rev. Job Turner is to hold service at St. James' Church, Lancaster, Pa., on Sunday afternoon November 5th.

Mr. W. H. Rider, of Geneseo, N. Y., attended the religious services for deaf-mutes held in Rochester, N. Y., on the 22d.

Although George Francis Train is as dumb as an oyster, he opens wide his mouth when he takes in the succulent bivalve.

Mrs. M. A. Erras would like to know where to address a letter to the principal of the Providence R. I., Deaf-Mute Institution, if there is one.

Mrs. William T. Carter, of Boston, has gone to Brooklyn, where she will stay three weeks for the benefit of her health.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Turner expect to hold services for deaf-mutes in Richmond, Va., on Sunday, October 29th.

Mrs. Kate Hooker, of West Grove, Pa., recently went to Columbia, Pa., to visit her mother. She stayed there three weeks.

The Kentucky Deaf-Mute of last week had a supplement in the way of a well executed wood engraving of the Kentucky Institution. It is the work of John Barriek, of Cincinnati.

A pupil of the Michigan Institution, named William Balfour, died of laryngitis on the 19th inst. He was eleven years old, and from Ewart, Mich.

Mrs. Mary A. Erras has been quite sick at the Greeley Hospital, Portland, Me., but has recovered and will return to her old quarters at Biddeford, Me.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to hold services for deaf-mutes in the Church of the Ascension, Washington, D. C., on Sunday, Nov. 5th, and in Baltimore, Monday evening, Nov. 6th.

A deaf-mute who graduated from the Hartford, wants to know James Wheeler's New York address. [He is now in Warwick, N. Y., and will remain there about three weeks.—Ed.]

Willie Soldier would like to know if Messrs. Ryn and Dundan, of Ohio, will be retained by the Columbus Club for 1883, when this club is admitted into the American Association.

Mrs. Lafayette Patterson, nee Miss Ella McHenry, formerly of Sparta, now of Clarence, Ill., who has been spending several weeks with friends and relatives, left for home on the 23d of this month.

Mr. Sven Malmar, of Corry, Pa., Mrs. Melissa Richardson, of Sheridan, N. Y., and Miss Laura M. Fuller, of Fredonia, N. Y., called on Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., on Wednesday, Oct. 18th.

Dr. Gallaudet made a scathing remark at one of his recent sermons. According to a reporter, he said: "People will think, judging from the number of mutes outside the church on the sidewalk, that the church is full and there is no room for them inside."

Mr. John Muth left Thomastown, Ct., a week ago to visit the grand fair in Boston. He enjoyed it very much. On the 19th, Mr. Edward Duran invited him to see the Indiana village. It was the first time Mr. Muth had ever seen live Indians.

On Friday, October 20th, the Boston Young Men's Christian Union had an excursion to the Iron Works in South Boston. About two hundred were present, including four deaf-mutes. The deaf-mutes were John Muth, Edward Duran, Frank Skillin and Edward Welch.

Mrs. John A. Lynn, of Columbus, O., last week visited Mr. and Mrs. Col. Sawhill, at Bradocks, Pa. In company with Mrs. Sawhill and others, she visited the famous Edgar Thomson Steel Works. Mrs. Lynn and her bright little son Willie will stay in Bradocks for a while.

Miss Maggie Wiegand, of Jeannette, Pa., writes, under date of Oct. 20th:—"About two weeks ago, Mr. W. W. Swartz, of Catawissa, paid us a pleasant visit. We were glad to see him, as it was the first time in six years. He is on business in the coal regions of Carbon and Luzerne counties, and will remain thereafter two or three weeks."

"My parents came from Germany a long time ago and lived in Yorktown a few months, but not liking the place moved to Jeannette—one mile from Yorktown. My father is a carpenter and machinist by trade. I have two brothers, one was married two years ago. I would like to have Miss Nettie Weil and Mrs. Robt. Arnold pay me a visit. I like the *JOURNAL* very much, and can not do without it."

Last September Mr. J. P. Jams went to Baltimore, Md., to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Harriet Jams, who departed this life on the second of September, aged 74 years. She was buried in Mr. T's and her brother's family grave lot in Greenwood Cemetery. She had been an invalid for several years, and bore her suffering with fortitude and patience. She bade all present farewell, and said that she was going and was conscious till her death.

It was erroneously reported in the *JOURNAL* of last week in the Fanwood correspondence by the signature of "Chip," that Mr. and Mrs. Elam Will, of Easton, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jams were classmates twenty years ago. Mr. I. was not their classmate and was only their schoolmate. He had not seen Mr. Will for over twenty-six years, and knew him as if he saw him yesterday, when the latter came to Brooklyn to visit Mr. and Mrs. I. Last July Mrs. I. went to Easton, Pa., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Will. She had not seen Mrs. Will for twenty-three years.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A BARBER.—A reporter of the *Chicago Herald* handed a barber the following, before operations began: I want a close shave. I am in a hurry. Do not put any oil or grease upon my hair. I never use bay rum or cosmetics. Please comb my hair up and back. I do not wish my hair trimmed or cut. I do not want hair tonic or skin medicine. I do not want any shampoo or a bath. I have not heard the latest news from Egypt, nor do I want to. I care nothing for politics or crime or society. I do not care for stock or market reports. I am not a stranger in the city, and I am not going to the ball this evening. I am a professor in a deaf and dumb institute, and I am glad of it. Go ahead and shave me.

Charles O. Friel will not return to the Philadelphia School. He is working with his brother in the Altoona car shops.

Mrs. Ellen Romeyn, wife of Mr. John V. Romeyn, and sister-in-law of Miss Jane A. Romeyn, a deaf-mute, died of paralysis in Glenville, N. Y., on the 22d of last September. The funeral services were held at her residence by Rev. Mr. Brane on the 27th of last September. She was buried in the Bethlehem cemetery. She left her husband and daughter Jennie to mourn her loss.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is to accompany Rev. Job Turner South again. They will both hold services in Richmond, Va., on Sunday, the 29th inst.; Manchester, Va., the 30th; Lexington, Va., the 31st; Concord, Va., November 2d, and probably Lynchburg, Va., the 3d. Dr. Gallaudet is to preach in Washington City November 5th, and Rev. Mr. Turner in Lancaster, Pa., the same day, and then he will go South for the winter and spring.

BOSTON ITEMS.

The appearance of Mr. John Muth, of Thomaston, Conn., agreeably surprised us of our hall last Wednesday evening. His friends and acquaintances were delighted to have a chat with him. He arrived in town in the afternoon train. His stay was necessarily short, for he left town the next evening, but short as it was he visited the Institute Fair, etc.

Albert W. Chapman, formerly of Cambridge, was in town last Saturday, and returned to Keene, N. H., where he has settled down, and says he will stick to his trade of cabinet-making. He prefers a quiet life outside for reasons best known to himself. His father, who died about one year ago, left some money to Albert, which some of his relatives have been attempting to rob him of. But the court will settle it all right next January. Albert, look out for the swindlers.

Mr. Charles E. Fish, of Danby, Vt., was married to Miss M. L. Brown at the farm residence of the bride's parents in Kensington, N. H., at ten o'clock p. m., Monday, October 9th. They arrived in Boston late in the afternoon. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, of East Somerville, for a few days. The following Wednesday evening they were present at the Boston Society to listen to the lecture given by E. W. Friebe, on the subject, "The Foe of the Household," including "Petulance and Marriage Hints." The newly married couple received many congratulations and good wishes from the mutes for happiness and prosperity, &c., in the future. The next day they went to Vermont, to make a few days' visit to their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow, and then stay with the bridegroom's widowed mother until December next, when they will return to the bride's place, where they will live permanently, and the bridegroom help his father-in-law to work on his farm. Mr. Fish is a good stonemason by trade. In regard to their wedding ring, I forgot to tell that it was the first one Mr. W. E. Krause ever engraved in his life.

The mother of our friend, W. H. Krause, is spending a few days with him in Boston. She has been visiting friends in Vermont, and on her way home, will stop in Pennsylvania, where she has relatives. Her home is in Kalamazoo, Michigan, where she will arrive in time to witness the beheading of tyrants.

Among those mutes who are going to be joined in matrimony are, Mr. Jackson, of Attleboro, to Miss Renode, of New York, December 27th; Mr. William Radolph, the popular wood carver, to Miss Mary Murphy, of Cambridge, sometime before Thanksgiving Day; Mr. Geo. W. Holmes to Miss Abbie L. Chaffin, November 6th; Mr. Charles Burrill, of Lynn, to Miss Lizzie Kelley, a graduate of the Northampton school; and Mr. Wellington to Miss Mattie Robinson (I forgot the date). I am well aware that this condition for matrimony is natural, or is, perhaps, the desire of young people. I am convinced that they do not consider the storms they have to encounter before they launch their bark on this matrimonial sea. But I truly hope that they (mutes) may be happy in their new condition.

Mr. Isaac A. Blanchard celebrated the 28th anniversary of his birthday, October 13th. A quiet observance of the event was arranged for, but he was surprised by a party of his relatives and friends, who made things lively for several hours. Mr. Blanchard received nice presents.

The writer visited our friend Osgood, at Natick last Saturday evening. During Sabbath they took a drive around the country. During their drive, they called on Miss "Auburn Annie." They were very happy to meet her and also her folks. After tea, they started homeward, and after a drive of about fifteen miles they arrived home, feeling that they had spent the day well. The scenery along the way was just beautiful. The tinge of Autumn on every leaf—there were the yellow, the red, and in fact all the colors of the rainbow, displayed in the foliage of the trees. Mr. Osgood resides with his sister in a lovely and the most popular street in the town. He contemplates visiting New York and its surroundings. May he have a pleasant trip and a safe return to his home.

One Wednesday evening, some time ago, Mrs. Follette, of Rhode Island, spoke to a goodly number at our hall, on the subject of "The Heart's Secret; or, the Fortunes of a Soldier." She was highly applauded. Mr. Geo. Newhall presented Mrs. Follette with a very beautiful bouquet in behalf of the Boston Society. He was heartily applauded.

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Boston, Oct. 23, 1882.

Northeastern Pennsylvania Notes.

Deaf-mute items have been pretty scarce lately hereabouts, so we deferred writing until we could gather enough to make up a letter of any interest.

The chief subject of discussion now among the deaf-mutes here is the coming meeting of the Northeastern Pennsylvania Association at Scranton, on Saturday evening, Nov. 14th. An election of officers for the ensuing year will be held there, and speculation is rife as to who will be selected for the various officers. The feeling is general, however, that the best persons be chose to fill the respective positions. There is also considerable talk about having some kind of an entertainment, under the auspices of the Association, during this winter. Preferences are about equally divided between a masquerade party, pantomimic exhibition, and social reception. Whichever, if any, is decided upon, all may rest assured that it will be a first-class affair. The association, in its first annual picnic last summer, demonstrated its ability to furnish pleasant and profitable entertainments. The society has eleven members, with several prospective additions. In a neighborhood so thickly populated with intelligent and wide-awake deaf-mutes, as this is, there should be no difficulty in establishing a large and flourishing organization, which would redound to the good of its members, and the credit of our class in general. We would, therefore, advise all those who have not yet joined this association, to send in their names and secure admission at the next meeting; and can assure them that they will not have occasion to regret it. Let there be a "long pull and a strong pull" all around.

Miss Nettie Weil, of Plymouth, Pa., together with a sister, spent several weeks in Wyoming Co., and reports having had a very pleasant time. At about the same time, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, of Mill Hollow, visited the parents of the latter in Susquehanna Co.

Mr. James Williams has returned to Scranton, and is working in a shoe shop at Providence. Peter Decker is also working in the same part of the city, as porter in a hotel. John McDonough, who graduated from the Philadelphia Institution last June, is learning the cigar-maker's trade. He lives in Hyde Park.

An alphabet card bent, name unknown at present, is "doing" this neighborhood. So far as known, none of the deaf-mutes here have met him. From description given of him, it is thought the fellow may be Thomas Shady. It may, however, be that champion prevaricator Harper with his red bristles shaved off. Whoever it may be, we would suggest that any deaf-mutes meeting him, give him the grand bounce, or hand him over to the tender mercies of the policeman.

Alexander Arnold visited Scranton, recently. So did Mr. William White, of Tobyhanna, who was warmly welcomed by his friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Dolph, of Dunmore, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Dolph at Waymart, Wayne Co. Mr. William Dolph is said to be building a house for himself. He is a wheelwright by occupation; has a shop of his own, and does a flourishing business.

The number of deaf-mutes here is being constantly increased by fresh discoveries of uneducated children and adults. In Scranton, recently was found a family with four deaf-mute children, living in the heart of the city. Others are continually found in other places. For instance, Mr. Koehler, of Scranton, reports having found three adults in the village of Wyoming, near Wilkesbarre, where formerly it was believed there were none. One of these is a semi-mute, very well educated, another is an interesting young lady named Annie Bower, who is receiving private instruction from Mr. Koehler. It is now believed there are about 250 in this region, including the counties of Luzerne, Wyoming, Susquehanna, Wayne, Lackawanna and Monroe, where 150 was the largest estimate a year ago. Scranton now contains 53, and Lackawanna County about 105.

Mrs. J. M. Koehler is visiting her parents at Scott. She will probably return to Scranton in a few weeks.

The Rev. Mr. Syle was expected to hold services at Wilkesbarre on the 23d inst., and at Scranton on the 24th. He was compelled by advice of his physician to cancel his engagements for the above dates. It is reported that he suffers from nervous pains in the right leg, which makes walking very difficult. The deaf-mutes who had looked forward with pleasure to his coming, express deep regret at the reverend gentleman's indisposition, and hope for his speedy recovery. Nor are his other friends less sincere in their sympathy. He will probably have services held here next month.

The Scranton Deaf-Mute School reopened October 17th, with twelve pupils enrolled. Last July, during the absence of Mr. Koehler, the school was discontinued by the Board of Education, through a misunderstanding of the Law authorizing the establishment of such schools in this State. Mr. Koehler knew nothing whatever of the action of the Board until his return to the city in August, and only then discovered it from a paragraph in one of the papers. He at once set about securing its re-opening, and drew up a petition to the Board, which was signed by the foremost citizens of Scranton. The petition was presented at a meeting of the Board in September, and

at the following meeting the Directors decided unanimously to re-establish the school under the principalship of Mr. Koehler. At the same time, it was decided to secure better and more centrally located rooms for the school. After two weeks of effort, the Committee entrusted with the duty of securing a room, reported that they could find none. By resolution of the Board, the room first occupied by the school in 1880, and from which it was removed on account of the room being needed for other purposes, was ordered to be vacated, so that the Deaf-Mute School might be held there. On calling to see the Superintendent of Schools about it, Mr. Koehler was told the room could not be spared. A delay of several days occurred before a room was finally fitted up in one of the central school buildings. At one time it seemed impossible that the school would be reopened, but by persistent efforts, this was at last accomplished. The school is now pleasantly and conveniently situated, and it is thought that its permanency is secured. During the winter a determined effort will be made to have something done toward establishing an institution at Scranton. Thus far very little has been accomplished, but it is believed the project will not be given up, and that it cannot fail to be successful in the end.

N. E. PENNA.

October 23, 1882.

Iowa Institution.

Miss Laura Hall, formerly of the Philadelphia Institution for the deaf and dumb, is now a pupil in this Institution.

Dr. P. G. Gillet, of the Illinois Institution for the deaf and dumb, paid us a short visit recently. He has been for twenty-seven years a superintendent. He knows much about the sign language. He is a handsome and happy-looking gentleman. He returned home the same day.

Mr. Perry Miles, formerly a pupil of this Institution, having graduated from here about four years ago, made us a visit day before yesterday.

Messrs. Merrill and Stafford, of the Nebraska Institution for the deaf and dumb, Saturday last, paid us a visit, and said they would like to live in Iowa. It seems that they wish to come to school here.

Mr. John J. Dold, a semi-mute, having attended school eight years, left before school began, and went to Sioux Falls, Dk., to teach for Mr. James Simpson. Mr. Simpson is the superintendent of the Dakota Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The boys organized a base ball club three weeks ago. The teachers, pupils and officers contributed toward the purchase of bats and balls. A committee of three was appointed to go down town to get the bats and balls. We were practising, and were surprised by the Stars coming over. The "Stars" is a neighboring club. We resolved to play with them, and tried to beat them. They had practiced at playing ball a good deal during vacation. We would have beaten them, if we had been very careful, but it resulted in victory for the Stars by a score of 30. Last Saturday afternoon we played another game with the same boys, but we were beaten by a score of 17 to 4.

Two weeks ago Mr. Moses Bickford, the father-in-law of Mr. Edwin Southwick, made us a pleasant call.

John W. Barrett, a pupil of the Institution, said that his idea was very different from Russell Smith's interpretation of what he said about the destruction of the system of articulation. But it may be that Mr. Smith misunderstood him, while he was making a speech in the old capitol of Des Moines, but John did not mean to destroy the system of articulation in schools. He was only opposed to articulation, because it always robbed the pupils of their time in school, and while they were thinking of their studies, they were often interrupted by being called to the articulation class. He thought that it was the best way to go in and learn to speak and read the lips after dismissal of school. It is true that some of them who have learned and improved could talk as well as anybody could. The articulation department is suitable to teaching the little children how to speak and read the lips.

Mrs. Harle, the matron of this Institution, last Monday evening met with a serious accident by falling into a ditch in the city, and she got badly hurt, but she is now better.

One of our older boys, who was ashamed of the new arrangement of eating opposite the girls at meals, took "French leave" of us, and we have nothard of him since.

Mr. Folsom, who is at the head of the printing office in place of Mr. Booth, now has eleven pupils at work. Five of this number are girls, and they bid fair to become good compositors.

A little after school opened, there were 100 girls in attendance, the highest number ever known in the history of the Institution. They were a little proud and formed in line, in order to "show off" by marching through the boys' study room, and the boys were taken by surprise, but they would not be outdone by the girls, and waited a few days until their number reached 160. Then they showed their pride by marching through the girls' study room in return. The boys' line was a great deal longer than that of the girls.

Mr. Russell Smith, of Omaha, Neb., who has for a long time past, been a compositor on the Omaha *Daily Herald*, contemplates coming over to the Council Bluffs Daily Non-

pareil, one of Iowa's leading dailies. Of course we shall be glad to see the change made. He is a correspondent of the *JOURNAL*. He frequently visits the Institution. He is usually accompanied by G. W. Ritchie, of Council Bluffs. Both are active, business-like young men. W.

NEW YORK.

"Have the Elevated Railroads done more harm than good to the Property along their routes" was the question debated before the C. L. U. last Wednesday evening. On the affirmative side were Messrs. Holland and Shelton, and on the negative side were Messrs. Donohue and Tresch. J. F. Donnelly volunteered for the affirmative side and J. F. O'Brien for the negative side.

After the debate, the corresponding Secretary read a letter from Pacht Brother's Photographers of Broadway, New York City, in which the firm stated that the members of the Union could have their pictures taken at their gallery at a discount of 25 per cent. Tickets of introduction were distributed among the members present by "Dear" Alex Pach, who was present. The favor was greatly appreciated by members.

It seems likely that the Union will have a ball or reception sometime during the last week in next January. A committee has been selected to see if a suitable hall can be secured. The only fear is that it may be impossible to secure a hall, as nearly all dates in

COLUMBUS.

Departure of Superintendent Perry.

BASE BALL, & OTHER ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Mr. Charles Strong Perry closed his official life with the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb on Wednesday, October 18th, 1892. The reluctant word good bye having been said, the lingering clasped hand withdrawn and the parting regretfully completed, Thursday early morning saw his last look cast upon the Institution and the city of Columbus, as he boarded the west-bound train which swiftly bore him away. As we turned back we recalled in our thoughts his kind life, his beautiful character, and his useful career which have ever been above reproach. As a man, Mr. Perry is a most exemplary gentleman, as a teacher he has been eminently successful, and as a superintendent he furnishes a model worthy of imitation in many ways.

Rev. David C. Perry, father of our resigned superintendent, accompanied his son to their new home in Southern California, while mother Perry remains behind for some time, at least. The old residence, No. 82 Lexington Avenue has not been disposed of yet; when that shall have been done, Mrs. D. C. Perry will sooner or later follow thither.

The past few days have been bringing in the remnant of tardy pupils. The teachers into whose classes they are received, do not smile much on such stragglers.

On the evening of Monday, the 16th inst., the teachers met again per adjournment in the Library room. Superintendent Perry was in the chair, and near by sat our modest secretary, Miss Reed. When the latter rose, there also rose a flood of blushes; she nevertheless went on bravely reading the minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting, and by the time she finished the flood was subsiding. Then Mr. Perry opened the meeting by making some very interesting remarks in regard to the necessity of "Culture of Signs." He said there was no reason why we all should not indulge in its free use at our meetings. The State is willing to pay handsomely to have music and singing taught at the Blind Institution, and he was sure the State would be equally willing to set apart a good sum for the purpose of instructing in the culture of signs—we all need to cultivate grace in motion, elegance in construction and clearness in expression. Where high culture is attained, it at once becomes attractive, interesting and entertaining in society. Take lessons in elocution, why not as well in sign-culture. The hour of regular business having arrived, the subject of letter-writing which had been left over came up, and occupied the attention of all, during which several of the teachers took part in the discussion. After this, the committee on Selection of subject brought in their report, and the subject selected was "Teachers' Meeting," which will stand the first in the order of business at the next meeting. Now there being only a few minutes before adjournment, Supt. Perry rose and said it had come time for him to do one thing—which he did with reluctance—to say the word "good bye," as he would not be there at the next Teachers' Meeting. During the brief term of two years he had presided over the meetings he wished to acknowledge sympathetic and cordial support from all, and thanked them for it. He dared to say he could vouch the same for his successor, whoever he may be. He would ever be present in spirit at every return of Monday evening of the Teachers' Meeting. He then bade us, one and all, Good-bye. Adjourned to Monday, October 30th.

Miss Clara B. Reed obtained leave of absence on Wednesday, the 25th, to attend the wedding of her sister, which is to take place in Kenton, O. Miss Reed will act as one of the bridesmaids.

Rev. Mr. Shrom, of Zanesville, O., and a brother of our teacher, Miss Shrom, accepted the hospitalities of the Institution during his attendance upon the Presbyterian Synod, which met in this city during last week.

Mr. Keene, the head carpenter of this Institution, left last week for Jacksonville, Illinois, whither he will spend a while at the Deaf and Dumb Institution of that State. When he returns, it is very probable that he will introduce into the shop here some of their system of carpentry.

The political party that carried Ohio at the late State election held a jollification meeting on the evening of the 20th inst., in this city. Quite a number from the Institution went there either as lookers on or participants.

Robert King, of Class '75, put in appearance at the Institution on Friday evening last, looking well. He lives at Corning, O., and is em-

played in the coal mines near there, as a canger.

Mrs. Lynn, whose husband is employed in the Bindery Department of our Institution, is off on a visit to her friend, Mrs. Milton Brothers, in Minerva, Stark County, O. She also expects to be with Mrs. Sawhill at Braddock, Penn., before she will return to Columbus.

Last Saturday afternoon, the Independents (our boys) went to North Columbus, by street car, about two miles from the State House Square, where they met the Columbus Base Ball Club on the latter's grounds. At 4 o'clock the play commenced, and the game ended in a heavy defeat of our boys—fifteen to four.

Mr. H. W. Schory, Prof. Greener's alternate, has entered upon a course of "maiden" duty in the "C" Boys' evening study room. As things seem to move on smoothly under the new engine, we have about reached the conclusion that Mr. Schory is only a "chip of the old block" (Greener).

Miss Milliken, a teacher here eight years under Mr. Fay, and who resigned on account of ill health three years ago, called at the Institution on Monday of last week to see her old associates and friends. Miss M. looked as though she has entirely recovered her health. In reply to a question if she wished to teach again, she said she might take her old place, should it be tendered to her.

That well-liked old fellow, Jack Frost, put in appearance hereabouts early Friday morning last week. Our boys got over him in mind with thoughts of the chestnuts, walnuts, and butternuts; and Saturday afternoon saw quite a swarm of them scampering off for the woods.

Prof. A. T. Wood, who has been principal of the Day School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Cincinnati, for a year (succeeding Prof. McGregor, who then went to Colorado), reached this city on Saturday night week before last. He was at the Institute over the Sabbath, and participated in the chapel service conducted by Mr. J. M. Park. Mr. Wood first shot his ideas here under that successful teacher, Ohio Institute's first deaf-mute lady teacher, Miss Carrie A. Butler, now Mrs. William Smith, of Youngstown, O.

Each classroom of our school has been supplied with a small tin water "fob," made very much after the shape of a watch fob, and is painted green. It hangs on the wood work of the schoolroom, and serves a very convenient purpose for slate washing. Every day it is taken from its hook, emptied, and then replaced with fresh water.

Miss Katie L. Swen, of Amelia, O., was in Cincinnati attending the services conducted by Rev. Mr. Mann Sunday, a week ago. She spent three most delightful days in the Queen City, enlivening the society there with her presence, honoring the Day School with a visit, and making agreeable calls on friends.

Mrs. Fannie Smithson has returned to her home in Newport, Ky., (opposite Cincinnati across the Ohio River) after a five months' sojourn among friends in Ocean Grove, N. J. She takes pardonable pride in the possession of a beautiful daughter of nine years of age.

The presence of Mr. Albert Anthony and Mr. Shoop, both of Delaware, O., quickened the inanimate state of Institution life here on Sunday afternoon of last week. Their old teachers and friends extended to them the hand of welcome, and we hope to be favored with another opportunity before long.

Our Sabbath hour of chapel service has been set much earlier, from half-past nine to half-past ten, when it was eleven to twelve o'clock before, and the Sunday study hour put later, from eleven to twelve, which hitherto was nine to ten a.m. The change is made as a matter of convenience, as it enables Acting-Supt. Talbott to be present in the chapel and then attend church; the new arrangement also accommodates the hearing teachers.

Mrs. Halse left Columbus on Tuesday of last week for Chicago, where she will in all probability spend the winter.

Thomas McGinness of this city, left on Thursday last week for the East. He went first to Philadelphia and thence to Providence, R. I., where he will then bid farewell to the easy life of bachelorhood, and as becomes a man take upon himself the burdens of another for better or worse. His bride is a graduate of the Buffalo, (N. Y.) School. May their lives thus blended into one prove to be what we all have dreamed, hoped and striven that it should be—well cast in the lot.

Hardly had the cold ice of adversity melted and disappeared, than over the wires flashed a glad message from the father and husband to Mrs. Robert McGregor (who was then visiting in Maryland) summoning her and the little one to their new home in Columbus. Mr. (family) arrived here on Saturday morning last. Now Mr. McGregor wears a double smile, professional and fatherly.

It is understood that Mrs. James M. Park goes to Michigan on business—to look after some interests that they own out there. The trip will doubtless invigorate her health which, while much better, has not been good.

The Columbus Sunday Capital gives the following report of the game played between the "Independent Base Ball Club" of this Institution and the "Columbus Base Ball Club," to which latter the renowned deaf-mute players, Ryn and Dundan, belong.

Baseball Park between the Columbus and the Independents was witness-

ed by about the smallest crowd that has been on the grounds this season. This being the first game that the Independents have ever played with a club other than those organized for mere sport they naturally felt a little nervous. All of them are pupils from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, with the exception of one, and they played a pretty game.

They looked very neat in their uniforms, which are composed of light blue flannel with red stockings, and red and white caps. Through an unfortunate run of circumstances the Columbus boys got far enough ahead of the Independents at the commencement of the game to make it up-hill work to catch up.

In the first inning the Independents succeeded in getting one run and the Columbus two. The second inning resulted in a pair of goose eggs. In the third, the Columbus secured five runs, and opened a gap that the Independents could not close. They secured two more in the sixth and six in the seventh, while the Independents were able to get only three more runs, one in the fifth, one in the sixth, and one in the eighth.

The umpire, Mr. Moriarty, was a very fair one, in fact he was inclined to favor the Independents more than the Columbus.

The Columbus might have appeared to better advantage had they all worn their uniforms, especially in view of the fact that they charged admittance. If it had been a free-for-all, it would not have looked quite so bad. These little points are noticed by the audience, and should be looked after as it is very apt to cause a feeling of indifference that might lose them friends and patrons.

The score is below:

	COLUMBUS.	INDEPENDENTS.
Ryn, c.....	4	2
Dundan, p.....	5	3
Comerford, lb.....	5	1
P. Welch, l. f.....	5	2
T. Welch, ss.....	5	2
Minton, 3b.....	4	1
Miller, c. f.....	4	2
Sullivan, 2b.....	2	1
Mintz, r. f.....	4	0
Total.....	42	16

Two two-base hits, Ryn. One two-base hit, P. Welch, Minego. Wild pitches, Patton two. Passed balls, Minego three; Ryn one.

Struck out, Columbus, five; Independents, three.

Left on bases, Columbus, three; Independents, three.

Umpire, Owen Moriarty. Score, P. Pratt.

Time of game, 1 hour and 40 minutes.

Notwithstanding the important change—the retirement of Mr. Perry and the accession of Rev. Mr. Talbott (acting) to the superintendency, Institution affairs seem to go on in the even tenor of their way. Having been with us for a year, and bringing with him a ripe experience of fifteen years of a similar office in a sister institution, we bespeak for Mr. Talbott smooth sailing; for Mr. McGregor, who takes Mr. T.'s place in the First Academic Class, no mean career in the profession, and lastly, but not least, for Miss Rose, the newly appointed teacher, a bright opening for future usefulness.

The financial officer of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum yesterday (20th) filed his report with the State Auditor for the month ending October 15.—Ohio State Journal.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

From Rhode Island.

Mr. Eborr.—Stepping from the cars, in Providence, last Saturday evening, the writer, with his mute brother Joseph, saw a familiar personage a few yards away in the midst of a throng of people, but thought he was mistaken. Coming to us with an extended hand, we felt sure it was no other than R. D. Livingstone, of Denver, Col., and we clasped his hand warmly. He was accompanied by Mr. W. A. Jackson, who requested him to "take in" Providence. We recollected we had the pleasure of seeing him in Woonsocket last March. Although he had travelled as far as California since he left us, we beheld him again on Rhode Island soil in less than seven months. He appeared to be in excellent spirits, and had a rugged appearance. For the past few days he had been sojourning in northern Vermont, and rowing on Lake Memphremagog was his chief amusement. In fact, he seems to be living a sort of go-as-you-please life. Cigars were handed around, and after a visit to our genial friend, Mr. Morrissey, on Eddy Street, where jollity reigned supreme, we repaired to the Arcade to see several other mutes. Messrs. Oscar Kinsman, Dolan and Campbell, soon joined our company, making in all seven mutes. The kindest of feelings were entertained. Mr. Kinsman embraced an opportunity to have us come with him to inspect a previously selected room, in Slade building, opposite the City Hall, for holding our meetings. Accordingly we did, and after a careful inspection found it to be just the right place. The room is 12x36, capable of holding thirty persons comfortably, and is within easy access to railroad depots and hotels. The rent is only \$8 per month,

gas not included. Mr. Livingstone thought that it was very cheap, and that we should take advantage of it immediately. But no indefinite action was taken on account of the absence of the other mutes. However, Mr. Kinsman announced that a full meeting would be held in November for that purpose. It was also hinted that no more fitting name than "Narragansett Deaf-Mute Society" could be given. We hope success will crown Mr. Kinsman's untiring efforts, and he will be gratefully remembered by every Rhode Island deaf-mute as the mover.

THE FIRST SURPRISE VISIT.

After the meeting adjourned, the writer moved that we pay a surprise visit to Mr. and Mrs. Levi A. Lester, the former being detained at his house by a bad cold. It was seconded, and we took the horse cars, where Mr. Jackson showed his genius for wit to while away the time. In due time we reached our destination, and a line was made, the Providence mutes going first and Mr. Livingstone last. Mrs. Lester opened the door to welcome the serenaders, with a happy smile on each one. When Livingstone came to greet her, she was more than surprised to see him. It was a genuine surprise, she said. The first question asked her was, "Where is Mr. Lester?" to which she replied he had a cold and was taking a nap. It was about seven o'clock, and we were surprised that he went to bed so early. She went up stairs and told him that there were "two mutes down stairs," wanting him to be also surprised, but he could not be persuaded to come down until she informed him there were seven mutes. He wondered who they were, and came down. He seemed pleased to see us, and said he was sorry at his inability to entertain us as best as he wished. A general conversation was had, the "frontierman" giving many interesting anecdotes of his travels. Seeing Mr. Lester was too tired, we concluded to go out, after thirty minutes duration, hoping to call on Mr. and Mrs. Lester again some time.

A SAD BEREAVEMENT.

Prof. Mills Whittlesey, formerly a teacher in the Rochester, N. Y., Deaf-Mute Institution, of which his cousin, Mr. Westervelt, is principal, but now principal of the High School in this town, buried his infant son a couple of weeks ago. His wife died of consumption last Tuesday morning, at the age of 25. He went with the remains to Mrs. Whittlesey's former home in Ohio, where she was for several years a well known and successful teacher. Prof. Whittlesey has the sincere sympathy of the mutes in his affliction.

INQUIRIES.

At San Diego, Mexico, when Mr. Livingstone was conversing with a friend recently, an opulent gentleman, with an air of Tejan majesty, after watching them, asked Mr. L., if he was a mute. The Texan, looking sad, said he remembered a dear friend, (now dead), who had a mute child by the name of William Jackson, in New York, and made eulogistic remarks on the father. It was but natural that Mr. L. should be bewildered. He told him that he knew the mute child, who has grown up and has a good business in Massachusetts. The mute child referred to, is Mr. William A. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass.

A few days ago Mr. Livingstone was talking to a friend, in Vermont, when a respectable gentleman stepped to him and asked if he knew Champion Burnham, [probably Buncham—En.] a deaf-mute of Illinois. Burnham married the questioner's daughter.

A GOOD WAY.

For the past few months several mutes have been in the habit of issuing a challenge in the JOURNAL to walk any mute in the named cities for money. Mr. Edwin Frisbee, of Boston, has a good way of putting a wet blanket on their ambition for pedestrian honors by accepting the challenge every time. He evidently knows the mutes do not mean business, when they send a challenge. Their aim is notoriety. Talk is cheap. We hope any one wishing to walk against Frisbee will send on a deposit to some responsible sporting man to bind a match. We would like to see a good race. I heard that Dennis Sullivan, who was reported to run against Frisbee in a four hours' race, can make 32 miles. Has Dennis backed out?

SHORTS.

Joseph H. Donnelly is working on the farm of C. W. Mowry for a month.

Mr. Livingstone goes to Montreal, Canada, this week. He will be back to New England next November. He will not leave for the West till before January 1st.

Erwin E. Aldrich has a wonderful genius for training cats. He has a cat which will jump high, roll over or stand on its hind legs at his command.

Mr. Wilkinson and Miss Jane Morrow, of Fall River, will please accept our warmest congratulations. That their wedded life may be a happy one, is our sincere wish.

Hattie, hearing sister of Erwin Aldrich, will be led to the altar by a Worcester gentleman next November. Although we are sorry she will be taken from our midst, we fondly hope she will think of us sometimes. The Worcester gentleman knows Mr. W. H. Green, and the mutes of Worcester should call on them.

Some one wrote a letter to Miss Katherine H. Austin, principal of the

deaf school in Providence. In a letter from her, she says, "I should like to express my great gratification in seeing that a congenitally deaf person has the command of English idioms manifested in your letter to me. That fact serves as a strong argument for the extended education of the deaf. I rejoice in the existence of a college at Washington."

JOHN F. DONNELLY.

Woonsocket, R. I., Oct. 20 '92.

Mr. Why Replies to his Critics.

In the last number of the JOURNAL Mr. Fox and "Professor" undertake to nullify the facts presented in my article on the manner of conferring degrees by the Faculty of the Deaf-Mute College. I will take up their arguments, if they can be so-called, (for they are mere subterfuges to evade the real question,) *ad serratim*.

But first let me say that I was perfectly aware that there is a distinction between honorary degrees and degrees in course, but by an unfortunate slip of the pen I used the term honorary. However, as my whole argument was based upon the graduates of the College, it was easy for Mr. Fox and "Professor" to see that I had only degrees in course in mind, so Mr. Fox's remarks about conferring of honorary degrees upon John Carlin, John R. Burnett, Walter Angus and Edmund Booth, have nothing to do with the subject in question. Nevertheless, I am grateful to him for mentioning them, for in so doing he only fortifies my position, for each and every one of the above-mentioned gentlemen are Eastern men by birth and education and he has failed most signally to designate a single Western mute who has received even one honorary degree from the Faculty, much less in course.

Mr. Fox, in his desperate attempt to prove that the Faculty has conferred a degree upon a Western man, says of Prof. Draper:—"It is true he was born in Vermont and spent two years in Hartford, but as a student he was always regarded as a Western man, and in all disputes on the subject he ever took pride in upholding his opinions of Western greatness."

The first part of the above quotation is true, and only proves I was right in placing Mr. Draper where he belongs. As to the second part, Mr. Fox does not know what he is talking about.

While Mr. Draper was a student, long anterior to Mr. Fox's entrance into the college, the students were divided into two factions, the Eastern and Western. (Happily such a state of affairs does not exist now.) The line was sharply drawn, and Mr. Draper was always found on the side of the Eastern students. His eronies and chums were all Eastern men, such as Messrs. Hill, Hotchkiss, Parkinson, etc., who were from Hartford, and on all questions in the various clubs and societies he always upheld the Eastern side, and in a rush he was sure to be found in the Eastern crowd, pitted against the Western students. This was so well known and understood that the Western students all despised him and the feeble claim he sometimes put forward to be classed as from the West. Ask any graduate who was contemporary with Mr. Draper, and he will acknowledge the truth of the above. I think these facts "rather spoil the beauty of Mr. Fox's arguments."

Mr. Fox says: "If the leading graduates of the West and South were to be questioned, we honestly believe that they would answer that the Faculty ever treated them in a manner appropriate to their position."

Well, my Dear Sir, a good many of them have been questioned, and they are unanimously of quite the contrary opinion. Both during their college course and after graduating, the leaning of the Faculty toward the Eastern students was, and is, so palpable as to call forth frequent and bitter remarks.

If Mr. Fox means that they are treated "in a manner appropriate to their position," assigned them by the Faculty, he may be right, but they feel that they have been assigned an inferior position as compared with those nearer the Faculty.

After all that has been said by Mr. Fox and "Professor," the question still remains why has not the degree of M.A. in course been conferred upon any graduate from the South and West?

Mr. Fox quotes from the College Catalogue, and concludes with the words:—"In this was meant to be implied that such graduate should make application for such degree," and "Professor" says: "They would have been freely given for the asking." Now, will Mr. Fox or "Professor" answer honestly? Did Mr. Parkinson ask for his degree? Did Mr. Logan?

If any one will take the trouble to propound the question to these gentlemen, I am very much mistaken if he does not get an emphatic denial.

On the other hand, at least one Western graduate, to my certain knowledge, did ask. Did he get it? No! he did not, and he is no slouch either. Does this look as if the degrees were "to be had for the asking?"

The fact is, the Western graduates have never had any encouragement to ask. Messrs. Parkinson and Logan did not ask, for there was no necessity for them to, because one of their classmates belongs to the Faculty and took good care to look out for them; Messrs. Hotchkiss and Draper belong to the Faculty, and were honored as a matter of course while Mr. Hill has friends in the

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

HARE AND HOUNDS CLUB.

FOOT BALL.

ODDS AND ENDS.

To judge from the weather we have been enjoying for the past week, Autumn intends to rule in earnest. A bracing wind is around and calls forth in rather chilly tones that the time for overcoats is approaching. The call has been received welcomingly by the students as an intimation that summer sports must be put aside, and give way to the exhilarating rush for the foot-ball, or the arduous but not less exciting exercise of "hare and hounds." In past years, this miniature chase has had many enthusiastic supporters among the students, and quite thrilling are the stories told of escapes from perilous positions while in pursuit of the daring hares. These accounts will doubtless influence most of the new men to join the "Hound Club," and thus enable them to judge for themselves. Should the weather be cold, the club will probably have its opening chase next Saturday, when two good hares and a full pack of hounds will be in readiness to make the event a success.

On Monday

THE FOOT BALL CLUB

will hold its annual election of officers and select an eleven to represent the College. Last year may be properly called the opening season of foot ball, since for the first time an eleven was regularly organized for contests with outside clubs. The work did was quite satisfactory considering the limited experience of the eleven, and the club they played against. This year it is proposed to get the eleven into proper training, and play all the teams that present themselves. Is it probable that the first contest will be with the eleven of Alexandria High School, which is one of the best teams in this vicinity.

During the week the various classes were photographed in groups by Douglas. This has now become an annual custom, and is a pleasant way of keeping in mind the career of a class taken in the Freshman year terminating with the Senior, presents food for reflection to a college man. Usually the Freshman picture will show a fine group of young fellows in the early bloom of youth, in the Sophomore year, some of the familiar faces are missing from the picture and an air of consequence is visible on those remaining; so on to the Senior picture, where is seen a couple of bearded, serious young men in place of the dashing group of the first year. Such are some of the changes which time brings forth.

Speaking of class pictures, reminds us that

81's CLASS PICTURE has been placed in its proper position in the lyceum. The photographs are of cabinet size, and placed in a frame 18 inches in length by 14 in width. The picture calls forth well merited praise, it being by far the best class picture gracing the walls of the lyceum.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

opened its doors on Friday evening, with a finely arranged programme was successfully carried out. The exercises opened with an essay on "The Yankee," by Mr. Hanson, '86. As Mr. Hanson is a Swede by birth, his remarks and opinions on his subject were of interest, and were highly applauded by the audience in attendance. The essay was followed by a debate on the question, "Resolved, That there should be an amendment to State Constitutions prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." This was debated by Messrs. Davidson, '85, and Dantzer, '86, for the affirmative, and Messrs. Hasenstab, '85, and Berg, '86, for the negative. The debate was adjudged in favor of the negative. Following the debate came a laughable dialogue between Messrs. Adams, '86, and Sullivan, '87. The programme closed with a declamation by Mr. Fox, '83, entitled "Rock me to Sleep."

BRIEFS.

Dr. Fay is acting President in the absence of President Gallaudet.

The bowling alley is being well patronized. Some of the old rivalry for big scores is becoming manifest.

A student from Geo-gaw treated a classmate from Illinois to a free bath in the Natatorium one day last week. The Illinois man was not quite ready for it, being in full dress.

There was to have been a match game of base ball on Thursday afternoon between the Kendalls and the Alerts, of Georgetown College. Rain spoiled the fun.

The JOURNAL is missed this week. It usually arrives on Friday, but it came neither to-day nor yesterday. Printers on a strike? Press broken? Devil raising Cain? or What is it? [Postmaster exulted, probably. —Ed. JOURNAL.]

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Oct. 21, '92.

FANWOOD.

A Day at the Fair.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP.

A Batch of Autumn Whisperings.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Half past five o'clock, Thursday morning last, we found ourselves on the floor ruefully rubbing the back of our head and wondering by what strange fatality that old comet had mistaken our cranium for a billiard ball. It was not the comet, however, but some one had yanked us out of bed by our hind leg as a gentle reminder that it was the day of days—Fair Day.

School and the work shops closed at fifteen minutes of ten, and a rush was immediately made for the clothing departments. Tight pants and cut-aways were donned in a jiffy, ribbons and gaw-gaws so dear to the female heart, adjusted here and there, and at eleven o'clock the boys and girls that filed into the dining hall were immaculate in their finery. Every body was too much excited to eat, and the small quantity of food consumed would have made the eyes of a boarding house keeper sparkle with delight.

Twelve o'clock, to a second, out filed a long array of girls—two by two—headed and "hinded" by an officer, and were followed five minutes later by the boys, generated by Dr. Peet. When about half way to the Elevated R. R. station, rain began to fall, probably out of envy at the ribbons of the fair sex.

Two trains carried the party—some 400—to 59th St., where the boys were marched off through the rain. The girls were obliged to take horse cars, and the last one did not arrive at the Fair buildings until half-past one. However, they had a great deal of fun owing to the crowded condition of the cars, and the discomforts of the trip were partly forgotten.

Entering the buildings, the male pupils skedaddled for the mechanical department, while the females made a bee line for the cook stove arena.

The display was not up to the average this year, but what was worth seeing was "sawed."

At half-past four, all hands were handkerchiefed aft and noses counted. All being present, sound mentally and physically—the noses we mean—the homeward journey was commenced. The Institution was reached at six o'clock, and ten minutes later the way bread and tea vanished was a caution. The excitement had abated, but the demand for the Staff of Life didn't abate worth a cent for three-fourths of an hour, at which time the little that remained needed a staff to lean upon very badly.

The "glumpse was doused" at eight o'clock, and thus ended our gala day.

FAIRINGS.

Peter Brede returned stomach to rebel. He ate eight pies, and sighed for more pastry to conquer, but upon arriving at the Institution he was a complete Waterloo.

The females, as usual, collected chromo cards bearing the unique and antique design of a blue hen becalmed on her little ones.

Mrs. Johnson, former seamstress, surprised her many friends by being in attendance.

Upon arriving home, the pockets of the boys bulged out with samples of artificial-teeth wash and horse collar grease.

Alex. L. Pach was on hand. Probably to protect the Pach Bros. display of photos from devastation.

Mr. Shotwell's weather-beaten eye glared defiantly at the improvements in many farming implements.

Rev. Job Turner visited the school during the day, and found the house all but deserted. He came up again the next day and was more successful. The Reverend gentleman is always warmly welcomed.

The facial expression of that High Class girl who was last to arrive, and who, after carefully wiping her feet on the door mat, found more mud on them than before, is "beyond description's power of words."

THRESHINGS.

The Rogers, Peet & Co. puzzle has stricken the Institution.

The Harlem Local Reporter of Saturday last, says "chestnut parties are all the rage—especially among the deaf-mute students." That's a fact. Our boys know every chestnut tree within a radius of ten miles. And they are able to locate every bull dog.

Rev. Mr. Irish, of Amsterdam, N. Y., went through both departments Friday last. He has been the guest of Prof. Carrier for a few days. He is the gentleman who presided over the nuptial ceremonies of Mr. and Mrs. Carrier.

The first stereopticon lecture of the term was delivered Saturday evening last. The views were principally of

objects of interest in Switzerland, and were greatly enjoyed, not only by the pupils, but by quite a large number of visitors in attendance. These lectures will be given monthly throughout the school term.

A number of pupils of both sexes will be excused from work two hours each Friday for the purpose of receiving instruction in the higher branches of art.

The small boy is hungrily inquiring the date of Thanksgiving. Visions of cranberry tart and turkey are wondrously enchanting.

Two ladies and two gentlemen named Ralifson, visited the school Saturday.

Mr. Jacques Loew, accompanied by Count de Hanser and Baron de Karoly, of Vienna, Austria, was in attendance at the chapel exercises Sunday afternoon last. Rev. Mr. Irish preached. The distinguished visitors were shown through the buildings, and were greatly pleased with what they saw. They sail for Vienna this week.

Thomas Foran again visited us Sunday. He says while after chestnuts in the Staten Island woods not long ago, he discovered the body of a man, partly decomposed, suspended by a rope around the neck from a tree. He informed the proper authorities.

Thomas McGinness, employed in a rolling mill in Columbus, O., is making a pleasure trip around the country, and dropped in on Sunday. We understand he went to Rhode Island on Tuesday.

Among our visitors on Sunday were Messrs. D. Fox, C. O'Brien, C. Verleir, T. Coiby and Tom Holland.

While Supervisor Howell was on his way to visit a friend residing in Newark, N. J., Sunday last, he witnessed the terrible burning accident to engineer Seeds, and the gallant action of the passenger Steele, who dashed through the burning cab, reversed the engine and saved the train from destruction.

John Quigg is a Tailor. He loves his Trade. Last Monday was Blue for John. He told the Foreman a Story. He said he Wanted some Alcohol to Clean His Clothes. He Drank the Alcohol when no one Saw Him. The Shop soon turned upside Down. John fell against the Ceiling. The Hospital then Carried John to Bed. Poor John Quigg!

Charles McCormick's sister visited him on Monday, in company with a friend.

Mrs. Porter received a handsome bouquet from the young ladies of the High Class on her birthday—Tuesday last.

Misses Pettigrew, Montgomery and Noble visited the American Institute Fair Tuesday evening last.

Curr.

THE BOSTON FAIR.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—You would do Mr. Holmes a great favor if you should insert this article in your paper. Please let me say what I think of the Boston Fair and charity fund.

It is the first public fair of the kind that silent Habbities ever attempted on their own hook, and is a bold, but worthy enterprise. Two objects of the exhibition are to enable the public to see specimens of deaf-mute workmanship, and think better of our people as an independent and honorable class; and also to turn the proceeds of the fair into a Charity Fund. Mr. Frank C. Davis' treasurer-ship is sufficient to disprove any selfish motive of the projectors.

As deaf-mutes cannot be Freemasons or Odd Fellows, cannot we have a benevolent society of our own? It is our duty to aid the unfortunate fellows who are occasional among us. Remember our Saviour's new commandment—well-known as the Golden Rule—"Be to others kind and true, as you would have them be to you." Paul's saying was "Faith, Hope and Charity. Charity, greatest of all."

I am sorry to say from experience that deaf-mutes, as a rule, are a peculiar people in regard to charity, and I must confess that they are lukewarm in comparison with other classes of people. For instance, many years ago, a certain preacher of the Boston Silent Society was out of work a long time, and his family was starving. The pastor of his church was surprised on inquiry that the mutes did not make any effort to relieve their leader, who had labored for several years for nothing, and the said church immediately raised two hundred dollars for his benefit. Disgraceful incident on the part of the silent people. But I believe that the rising generation is sensitive to their duties, and would take hold of the matter in earnest.

Of course, the said fair is an experiment, and requires an herculean effort and skillful management and bravery. If it should prove to be a failure, we need not throw the blame or ridicule on Mr. Holmes' shoulders, for we would also be responsible for it, and he would be consoled that he had done his duty well, and therefore we must all help the ball rolling in earnest by doing something for the fair—either sending specimens of workmanship, or being present at the fair, or sending money to Mr. Davis.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The New England Gallaudet Association is only a social reunion. It is an open secret that it is my aim to see that the N. E. G. A. would be a mutual benefit society already mentioned, sooner or later. The Charity Fund is certainly not to encourage vagrancy, but to aid the deserving, poor mutes. No one should fail to take a glimpse of the fair. Only twenty-five cents is charged

for admission to the splendid Hall, whose rent costs about eighty dollars a day.

I should suggest that you would send a file of the JOURNAL to the fair. The public might be surprised to see that we have an old first-class, large, handsome weekly paper of our own, done in every respect, and edited by a semi-mute.

W. K. C.

Columbia Institution.

Since some of the graduates of this Institution have expressed a desire that a correspondent should appear in the JOURNAL for the Inst., I take advantage of this and hope my correspondence will satisfy those interested in the Institution's welfare.

I would have done so long ago, but owing to the fact that unfavorable circumstances rendered it impossible, I have postponed it. I will not describe the Inst., it being unnecessary, but say that it is situated on Kendall Green, with the National Deaf Mute College as a distinct organization in the building near the primary school.

A literary society was organized last evening. The officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows:—Jake, President and Secretary, North, Vice-President, and Robertson, Treasurer. The roll of membership consists of Messrs. Adams, Bell, Hyde Marsh, Sphar and Warren. The President delivered a short address in approbation of the formation of the society, after which the treasurer delivered another in like manner. The name of the society is the Kendall Green Literary Society, for the sake of brevity, K. G. L. S.

Sickness has been a very unwelcome visitor among us for two weeks. Messrs. Boston Bellows and Robert Daily were attacked with malarial fever. But under the physician's treatment they are improved so far as to be able to be out of their place of confinement sooner than was expected. No sooner were they out than Mr. Daily went home to stay until his recovery is complete.

Dr. Boyton, a prominent looking Indiana physician was one of our callers last week. He seemed well pleased with this Institution, otherwise he would not have said that he expects to send his little daughter here to school in the winter. We understand he will take up his residence in Washington, since he is going to be connected with the Pension office as a medical examiner. The new base ball club, called "Advanced nine," of which Mr. Hyde is captain, was gotten up last week.

The other day, while a boy was at play throwing a ball to another near the porch, a fellow came out on tip toe and leaned against one of the pillars. In doing so he had his nose accidentally hit with a ball. It hurt so much that he could hardly eat his supper, and came near losing his sense of smell.

Little Maggie Hyde, a pupil, who recently recovered from an attack of sickness, is expected here this p.m. All matters here go along smoothly so far.

JAKE RAKE DRAKE.

KENDALL GREEN, OCT. 21.

From Western Pennsylvania.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I enclose the following item from the Pittsburgh Dispatch of Saturday, which may be of interest:

"Last evening a unique and very enjoyable entertainment was given in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church by a number of pupils from the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The exercises consisted in class recitations, declamations, gesture stories and articulation exercises. The story about a boy going a fishing, the young ladies' toilet and the boy that was caught stealing apples, were capitally rendered in pantomime. Perhaps the most interesting, because most wonderful, were the articulation exercises. These pupils, although unable to hear any sound whatever, had been taught to read the motion of the teacher's lips, and from that take down sentences and sums in arithmetic. Others had been taught to speak by watching and imitating the movements of the vocal organs of the teacher. Owing to the fact that they cannot hear the modulation of their voices their exercise were somewhat defective, otherwise they read and spoke distinctly.

It is one of a series of four given in as many towns for the benefit of the library fund, and to show what we are doing down here, thereby awakening an interest in the school outside of those immediately connected with it. A change of programme is made each evening, the last being in Allegheny City, on the 24th.

Mr. Carlin's poem, "The Mute's Lament," was beautifully rendered by Mr. Henry Roberts, who has also admirably mastered "The Landing of the Pilgrims." "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Curfew," "The Earth shall be my Fragrant Shrine," and the twenty-third Psalm, are among the selections; also the "Battle of Marathon," Chas. Gallagher, "Excelsior," Chas. Nellie.

The whole is under the immediate management of Miss Boyer, and Dr. Brown, directed by Prof. McWhorter.

Mr. Scott McWhorter has gone to Baton Rouge to harvest the sugar crop on his father's plantation, and expects to be gone some time.

Mr. Mishler, of Braddock, was here Sunday, also Messrs. Reading and Ross. Mr. Mishler was inquired for in the "Itemizer" a few numbers back. He is employed in the blacksmith shop at the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, Bessemer, half a mile away. His post-office is Braddock.

All Hallow E'en is close upon us, and the boys are busy nutting, bringing in daily contributions to the already considerable pile of walnuts and butternuts laid away in the barn to dry. Stained hands and speckled faces are common. It is curious what a lot of dirt can be passed off as "nut stains," by the average small boy!

I am sorry for "Why," but his eloquent indignation was not entirely wasted, however, as it has drawn from those who know, some information of general benefit to the friends of the College, as well as most graduates. A good many of the latter got all they deserved, and some more than they were worth when they received B. S. or B. A. There are not many lukewarm members of our alumni, and such as many be, are of little account anyhow, and they may have a sneaking notion that their *Alma Mater* has cause to be not over fond of them.

We don't want honorary degrees. Let it be said, when a B. A. takes M. A. "he has fairly earned it." As for "esprit du corps," our beloved President need not fear a lack of that. As a body, we are not rich; are widely separated from one another; have formed connections, social and professional, that preclude most of us from leaving home for long distances or periods of time. There can be no *Alumni* Association, however, and I for one would "go in" with a whole heart for its successful accomplishment. Let the older members formally propose it, and call for candidates for membership, and see the result.

"Esprit du corps!"—Just watch the alumni when they meet, see the eye brighten, and the face light up; the hand clasp, how eager and warm! Old friends are forgotten, old memories are revived, and we laugh and jest of the time "when we were at college." We stick together, association or no association, and take a lively interest in our *Alma Mater*, and our great pride in her honored Faculty, our *proved friends*, from the loved President down. If you hear of a graduate, indifferent to the welfare or future of the College, mark him as one possessed in a more than usual degree of the innate selfishness, so lamentably common, and unwisely fostered in the mute character. A man capable of such a feeling after enjoying the rare advantages, both educational and social, the college affords, should never have been there, and I doubt not, gave good cause for being in bad repute while he was there.

J. C. B.

HONORARY DEGREES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—"Mr. Why" asks, through your columns, why more graduates of the College do not receive the honorary degree from that institution. He confounds honorary degrees with the degree of A. M. in course. As I understand it, any graduate who has received his A. B. can, after three years, provided he has conducted himself with credit, apply for and receive his A. M. on paying the regular fee for the certificate. The honorary degree is a different affair, and is conferred on non-graduates who have obtained distinction in life and whom the College authorities deem worthy. Of these honorary degrees, the Deaf-Mute College at Washington has conferred only three or four on Americans and about as many on European mutes. "Mr. Why" should make a distinction between honorary degrees and degrees in course.

The degree of D.D., LL.D., Ph.D., etc., are all honorary, and are conferred on men thought worthy, whether such men have or have not passed through college, and it must be confessed that too many of our numerous small and rival colleges are too eager to confer these degrees and act unwisely in so doing. Just think of Dr. Abraham Lincoln or Dr. Horace Greeley. It looks ridiculous, and no body thinks of applying the term to them. Smaller men thus Doctorated are innumerable. For these last it may do, and for many of them it is fitting and proper.

SENEX.

Edward S. Beette Is Not Dead.

MR. JOURNAL:—The other day I received a postal card which read as follows:

SOUTH ST. LOUIS MO., Oct. 15, '82.
DEAR SIR:—Mr. E. S. Beette is dead and at present, not dead as you reported.

Yours truly,
"KING OF SATAN."

So Mr. Beette has "acknowledged the corn." The similarity of the handwriting on the card would indicate the claw mark of his hand, as some of his relatives and friends, familiar with his handwriting think, but the style is more like that of "Vox Nana," presented by his last letter in the last JOURNAL.

Mr. Myers is mistaken about Mr. Beette's having no brothers—he has two, one of whom lives in St. Louis. His surviving uncle is my next door neighbor.

Right here I say to Mr. Beette that he ought to be ashamed of himself for that transparent, silly report of his death; that his uncle and best friend, A. W. F., died suddenly of paralysis last May; that he must work for a living and stick to his present situation, as reported by "Vox Nana," with the tenacity of a horse leech on blood, and that he must be a good boy, throughout, and no more of such foolery!

The other day, a blind negro pianist, a graduate of the North Carolina Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, called on me and talked with me on the fingers, I spelling on his hand.

E. W. H. G.

In Justice to "Silent" Americans.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—DEAR SIR:—In your issue of the 12th inst., there appeared an article by Mr. Rotter, of New York, giving a description of a meeting of the German deaf-mutes of New York and vicinity, held lately at a hall in Avenue C, New York.

In conclusion of said article, Mr. Rotter gave an account of a short speech delivered by Mr. Fersenheim, of Brooklyn, in which he (Mr. F.) congratulated the German deaf-mutes upon their success and ability in securing good situations soon after their arrival in this, the land of their adoption, without asking the assistance of some influential person, and that many of the native born American deaf-mutes are unable to obtain situations, and that several of them may be seen daily wending their way to the residence of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and bothering that worthy gentleman beyond description in an endeavor to secure his influence in obtaining situations for them.

A few days ago, several well known American deaf-mutes, to the number of about fifteen, met in silent conclave, and each and every one present was loud in condemning the part of Mr. F.'s speech relative to us, as an insult to the American deaf-mutes, and as likely to harbor some ill-feeling between us and our German brethren.

As none of those present had ever solicited the influence of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in procuring situations for us, and we wish it to be understood that years ago, when Mr. Fersenheim used to parade our streets loaded with the miscellaneous articles of a professional peddler, that honorable friend of the deaf-mutes, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, taking pity on him did all in his power to secure a situation for him, and to his successful efforts Mr. F. at the present day owes the lucrative position that he has held for years in the New York Post-office.

While we do not deny that several of the foreign mutes on arriving in this country are successful in obtaining employment in a short time, this may be from the fact that they are willing to begin with low wages and gradually work their way up the steps of the Ladder of Life. And I, the writer, admit that, as a class, the Germans are industrious.

The native American has his own ideas relative to the subject of labor and its equivalent. While he is willing to work, he is at the same time unwilling to become the slave or machine of wealthy monopolies or corporations, and demands for his labor that which common sense and justice tell him he has a just right to expect as a fair recompense for the sweat of his brow.

In this article, no slight or injustice is intended to our German brethren, upon whom the finger of fate has fallen as heavily as upon ourselves, as I, the writer, though an American born, am of German descent, and in the discussion of this subject place myself between two fires; but what we do want is to bring Mr. F. down from the high elevation in which he holds himself to a common level with his fellow-men.

Yours Truly,

LEO GREIS.

BROOKLYN, E. D., Oct. 19, '82.

Colored Deaf-Mutes.

We clip the following from the Austin (Texas) Citizen, of October 14. Error:—In reply to your request in regard to colored deaf-mutes, I have made inquiries, and find that as the constitution of Texas requires separate schools for white and colored children, the same law holds good in regard to colored mutes. I learn that a colored man of Austin, by the name of Hancock, applied for the admission of his mute son to the Texas school, but owing to the clause in the constitution, the application was refused. In his last annual report, Supt. Ford refers to the case and gives the reasons of the board of trustees for declining to admit the mute, and recommends the establishing of a separate school for colored deaf-mutes, either in connection with the Texas or separately. I have no doubt that Col. Ford will cheerfully render any assistance in his power by way of information to any who apply to him in regard to the steps necessary to take to start such a school.

Not being willing to depend upon my own judgment alone, I wrote to the Superintendent of the Hartford, Connecticut, School, and in a lengthy reply, Supt. Williams writes: "As to the question of separate schools for colored mutes, there is no need of it here at the north, at the south it may be different for the present. Those on the ground are better able to judge about that than I am."

"If it would even break up the school or even keep quite a number of white pupils away to have the two classes in one institute, then it will be better to have separate schools for a while." * * * * *

"Push hard to have the colored mutes educated, but if public sentiment demand a separate school for them, I think it would be wise to yield to that point for the present."

Supt. I. L. Noyes, of the Minnesota Institute, writes me, "We put white and colored children together here. A separate school in Texas is the best, probably."

If the colored people of Texas are desirous of having their mutes educated, it is in their power to do so. The State has given them the right to an education. Let your leading men take the necessary steps to have a bill for the establishment of a col-

ored deaf-mute school brought before the Legislature at its next session. The authorities of the Texas Institute will lend their aid to the project. I have no doubt the tenor of Supt. Ford's recommendation as to the necessity for a colored school, leaves no room for doubt as to his seeing the necessity of educating colored mutes. You must not only talk, but act. Let your clergymen and teachers be requested to give you all the information they can procure as to the number of colored mutes in their vicinity and forward the names, age, and name and postoffice address of the mutes' parents to the office of the Citizen for publication.

On your people will rest the responsibility. If you do not take sufficient interest in the matter to start a school for colored mutes, you must not expect others will work for you, while you are indifferent in regard to the matter. You must not only talk the matter up, but you must keep it before the public until you succeed in your object.

Respectfully yours,

Geo. E. FISCHER.

A MUTE WEDDING.

A quiet assemblage of wedding-arrayed persons assembled in Blair's Valley, Md., on the morning of the 25th of September, 1882. The occasion was the marriage of Mr. Jeremiah Moyer and Miss Louisa V., the last mute of five daughters of James Blair, Esq. It was a bright, happy day. The valley was beautiful and gay. The mountain rose in grandeur and glory, and the forest trees were still adorned with the beautiful deep green leaves of Autumn ere the blighting winds effaced their beauty. For three days the storm raged and the rain fell in torrents. Yea, even the morning of the nuptial day indicated rainfall, but soon the clouds departed, and the sun shone with unsurpassed radiance, and when high noon arrived Blair's Valley was never more beautiful in its green meadows, grain-covered fields, silent woodlands and towering mountains—a landscape of rarest sight, beautiful, impressive and instructive. And there a happy company, surrounded by Nature's grandest works, assembled to witness the marriage rites—two young persons in their beauty and loveliness before the altar of devotion plighting their vows the one to the other, like Jacob and Rachael of old.

Services being ended, a goodly number assembled at the neat residence of the bride's parents to partake of a sumptuous repast prepared for the occasion, and after a few hours of social glee and merriment, the company disbanded with happy recollections, perhaps as enduring as life itself. And of the bridal party, doubtless no one enjoyed it more than he whose privilege it was to unite in marriage bonds the happy pair. May their lives be as green and beautiful as the valley in which they were thus united, and their reward in the Heavenly world as fair as the noon-day in which they solemnly vowed, as a faithful Christian husband and wife, to love each other till death severs those sacred ties.

A. B.

Geo. W. Schutt's Appointments.

Lansingburgh, Oct. 15th.
Poughkeepsie, " 22th.
Newburgh, " 29th.
New York City, St. Ann's Church, November 5th.

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